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EVANGELINE

AND ITS AUTHOR



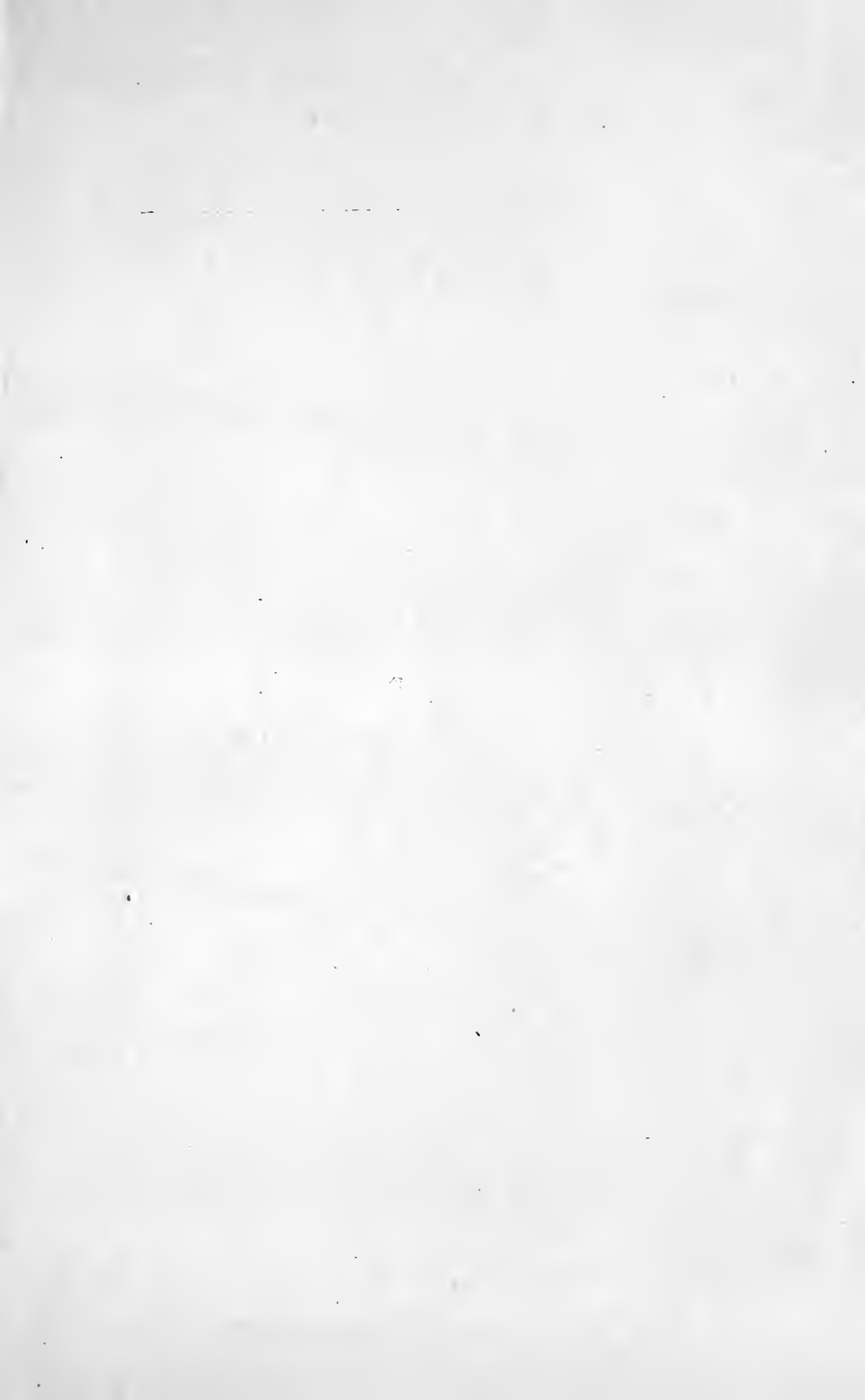
A TEACHER'S STUDY

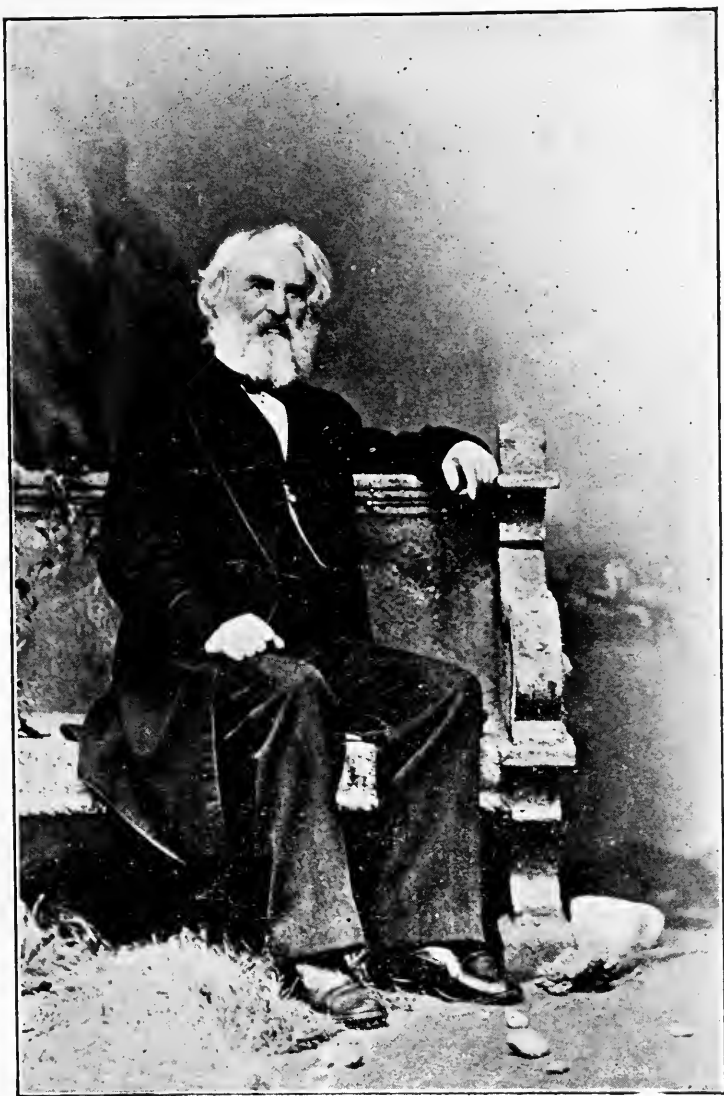
BY

JANE M. CUTTS

PUBLISHED BY
D. H. KNOWLTON & COMPANY
FARMINGTON, MAINE







HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EVANGELINE

AND ITS AUTHOR



A Teacher's Study

BY

JANE M. CUTTS

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth
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PREFACE.

DR. SAMUEL HOWE wrote to Longfellow in appreciation of *Evangeline*: "It is a book that pleases, instructs, improves people." And this little book is sent on its way attended by the hope that it will be suggestive to teachers and pupils of the beauties, the instruction and the moral teachings comprised in Longfellow's musical epic.

J. M. C.

THE
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(1807-1882.)

Biographical Sketch.

THE poet Longfellow, cultured gentleman, college professor, revealer of the familiar emotions and the common scene, most widely beloved of verse makers, was born in Portland, Maine. The house of his birth on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets is now fallen from any aforetime high estate, but the house on Congress street to which the Longfellow family removed during the poet's childhood is a dignified brick residence of colonial architecture known as "The Longfellow House" and devoted to the preservation of Longfellow relics.

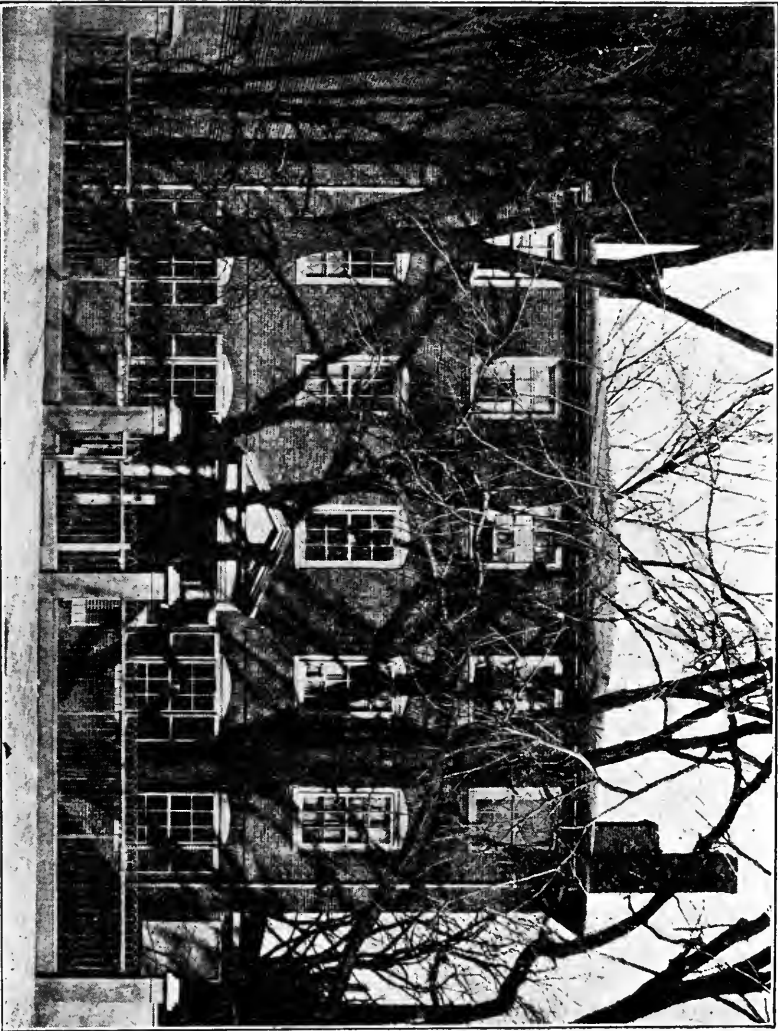
It was Longfellow's privilege to be well born ; for his mother, the daughter of General Wadsworth of Hiram, Maine, and a descendant of John Alden, was a lover of poetry, music, and nature ; and his father, the son of Judge Longfellow of Portland, was a graduate of Harvard

College, a trustee of Bowdoin College, a successful lawyer and a man of the strictest moral standards.

On his graduation from Bowdoin in 1825, Longfellow had so distinguished himself for excellence in the modern languages that although only nineteen years of age he was called by his alma mater to a professorship in those languages. He immediately availed himself of a three years' leave of absence for study in Europe, and on his return to America, he entered upon his collegiate duties. After five and a half years of successful teaching at Bowdoin, he accepted a call to a professorship of modern languages at Harvard, and again went abroad—this time to perfect himself in German. Before his departure he put into the hands of his publishers *Outre Mer*, a metrical prose work, recording his earlier foreign experiences.

He was accompanied on this second trip to Europe by his wife, Mary Storer Potter, whom he had married soon after assuming his duties

LONGFELLOW HOUSE. (See opposite page.) Situated on Congress Street, Portland, Maine, was erected by the poet's grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, in 1784-86. His mother was born here, and with the exception of a year or two, spent her life here. It was the poet's childhood home. It remained in the Longfellow family until Mrs. Pierce, a sister of the poet, bequeathed it to the Maine Historical Society as a Longfellow memorial. It is now the most interesting historical building in the city, and is visited by thousands every year.



THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE. (See foot-note opposite page.)

at Bowdoin. Mrs. Longfellow died in Holland and it is to her that Longfellow refers as the "Being Beauteous" in his *Footsteps of Angels*.

Soon after beginning his work at Harvard, he went to live at Craigie House, which had once been Washington's headquarters. This historic house he purchased on his marriage in 1843 to Miss Frances Appleton, the heroine of his prose romance, *Hyperion*.

Possessed in Cambridge of much more leisure than he had enjoyed in Brunswick, he set about writing in earnest. So absorbed did he become in the pleasures of authorship that in 1854 he resigned his college position to devote himself exclusively to literature. His ability, his gracious manners, his sympathy and kindness won for him hosts of friends, among the most intimate of whom were Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, and Charles Sumner. Craigie House, indeed, became a literary center, yea, shrine, to which flocked not only the poet's countrymen, but Englishmen of such literary prominence as Dickens and Thackeray.

Longfellow was enjoying ideal domestic happiness in the companionship of a charming and devoted wife and of five attractive children, was finding complete satisfaction in his chosen pur-

suit of literature, and was entering upon a decline of life very sunny in the prospect, when in 1861 a terrible tragedy clouded the brightness in the death of Mrs. Longfellow, who received fatal burns from accidentally setting fire to her dress.

In his later trips to Europe, he was cordially received by learned men and was honored with degrees by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. After his death, which occurred in 1882, England exceptionally honored him by placing his bust among the busts of her own immortals in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Thus lived the poet who wrote out of a pure heart and a cultivated mind, verses artistic in expression, sympathetic in sentiment, and comprehensible in word and idea.

Literary Career.

Longfellow gave evidence of literary aspirations at the early age of thirteen when he contributed to the Portland Gazette a poem entitled *Lovell's Fight*. During his college course, he produced nothing worthy of note, but was awarded the English oration among the commencement parts.

Between 1826 and 1836, he acquired Old World knowledge and a passion for Old World

romance and scenery which he finally embodied in two metrical prose novels, *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion*. He wrote text-books too, for he was obliged to compile his own, and he contributed to the *North American Review* professional articles which required for illustration the translation of foreign poems.

The prose of these early years was followed by a constantly increasing output of verse which attained its full in volume and excellence during the period opening with the publication of his first collection of poems, *Voices of the Night*, in 1839 and ending with the death of the second Mrs. Longfellow in 1861. This first volume brought the poet immediate and widespread fame.

Between 1861 and 1882, years saddened by the great tragedy of his life, Longfellow devoted himself mainly to the translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, but he also wrote during this period *The Hanging of the Crane*, *Morituri Salutamus*, and a collection entitled *Ultima Thule*.

All of his poems are varied in character and meter. Translations, long narrative or epic poems, short narrative poems including ballads,

lyrics of every description, and dramas are all exemplified.

He had no desire to be either national or original. His literary creed appears in the following quotation from one of his works :

“All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil ; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that speaks the same language unto all men. . . . All literature as well as all art is the



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE.

The Cambridge home of Longfellow. It was erected in 1759 by Colonel John Vassal, a firm loyalist, who fled to England in 1775, his property being confiscated. Washington made it his home when he came to Cambridge. Edward Everett and other notable men have occupied it. Longfellow made it his home in 1837, and his daughter resides there now (1911).

result of intellectual culture and refinement."

The following best-known poems are adapted to class-room work :

*Poems Intimately Connected with Longfellow's
Personal Experience :*

My Lost Youth, Footsteps of Angels, The Children's Hour, Resignation, Travels by the Fireside, From My Armchair, The Hanging of the Crane.

Tributes to Friends and Literary Masters :

On the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Heroes of Elmwood, In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

Didactic Poems :

Excelsior, The Psalm of Life, The Builders, The Ladder of Saint Augustine, The Castle Builders, Santa Filomena, Something Left Undone, The Arrow and the Song, Resignation.

Poems Based upon American History :

Hiawatha, The Courtship of Miles Standish, Elizabeth, Lady Wentworth, Paul Revere's Ride, The Slave in the Dismal Swamp, The Cumberland, Christmas Bells, Decoration Day, President Garfield, The Building of the Ship.

Poems of Nature, Sentiment and Reflection :

Hymn to the Night, The Reaper and the

Flowers, the Beleaguered City, Woods in Winter, The Village Blacksmith, The Rainy Day, The Bridge, The Day Is Done, The Old Clock on the Stairs, Castles in Spain.

Ballads :

The Wreck of the Hesperus, Excelsior, The Norman Baron.

Translations :

Beware, The Castle by the Sea.

Additional Poems :

Tales of a Wayside Inn, Morituri Salutamus.

THE SETTING OF EVANGELINE.

Source of the Story.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE and a clergyman were dining one day at Longfellow's house when the latter remarked that he had tried in vain to interest Hawthorne in a pathetic story as the foundation of a romance. The clergyman then related an incident of a young Acadian girl, who having been separated from her lover in the dispersion of her people, had sought him for many years and had at last found him old and dying in a hospital.

Collection of Material.

Longfellow never visited Nova Scotia nor the West. He mentions various authorities to whom he resorted for material on the pastoral life of the Acadians and for Indian legends. An almshouse which he saw in Philadelphia suggested the hospital in which the lovers were finally reunited ; a moving diorama of the Mississippi furnished him with material for describing the Father of Waters. Of this diorama he said : " The river comes to me instead of my going to the river." Much of his historical material he probably gathered from Haliburton's historical and statistical account of Nova Scotia, and he mentions in his diary the securing of works on Pennsylvania and Louisiana for consultation.

Setting of the Poem.

Place. The modern Nova Scotia, which with New Brunswick and a part of Maine once composed Acadia (French Acadie) a name derived from La Cadie, the designation of a principal river of the region.

Time. The year 1755.

Historical Basis. The expulsion of the French inhabitants from Acadia and the subsequent dispersion of the exiles among the English colonies settled along the Atlantic coast. This expulsion was one of the many tragedies enacted during the French and Indian War, which was carried on in the colonies and in Canada between the French and the English for the possession of America, and upon the outcome of which depended the settlement of differences involved in the continental Seven Years' War.

Literary Form.

Evangeline, being a narrative poem of considerable length, is an epic. It embodies, at the same time, a series of idyls, i. e., little pictures of simple country life.

Compare with respect to form *Evangeline* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

Versification.

In committing to verse his tale of Acadia, Longfellow thought it no presumption to borrow the ancient hexameter from the epics of Homer and Virgil.

The following lines from *Evangeline* and the *Æneid* illustrate a similar succession of Dactyls and Spondees in English and Latin hexameters respectively :

Flax' for the	gos'sip ing	looms', whose	noi'sy
shut'tles with in' doors			
Ar'ma vi	rum'que ca	no' Tro	jae' qui
pri' mus	ab	o'irs.	

To the Teacher.

Acquire for yourself, as of prime importance, a thorough acquaintance with the events of Longfellow's life, with his associations local and personal, with his character, with his

literary productions in general, and finally with the local and historical setting, the form and literary quality of *Evangeline*. Thus equipped, proceed to interest your class in the poet, dwelling upon the ideal circumstances of his life and his splendid response to golden opportunity. Begin now the study of *Evangeline* and other poems as embodiments of the author's genius and attainments.

An instance of a teacher's infectious enthusiasm for this author was not long ago reported to the writer of these notes: The teacher, a high school assistant in the State of Washington, so impressed a class with the attractive qualities of the poet and with the marvel of what he did that one of her boys journeyed across the continent in 1910 to enroll himself as a student at Longfellow's alma mater.

Secure the best maps obtainable for the definite location of places old and new, and refer pupils to English and American histories for accounts of the Seven Years' War. A knowledge of the French and Indian War, the beginning of Washington's military career, Braddock's Expedition, the Removal of the Acadians, the Capture of Louisburg, the Fall of Quebec, and the terms of peace will enable the pupil to inter-relate the removal of the Acadians and other notable historical events.

Before introducing the study of *Evangeline* by cantos, have read aloud in class the entire poem with attention to sympathetic expression, correct pronunciation, and the meaning of unfamiliar words.

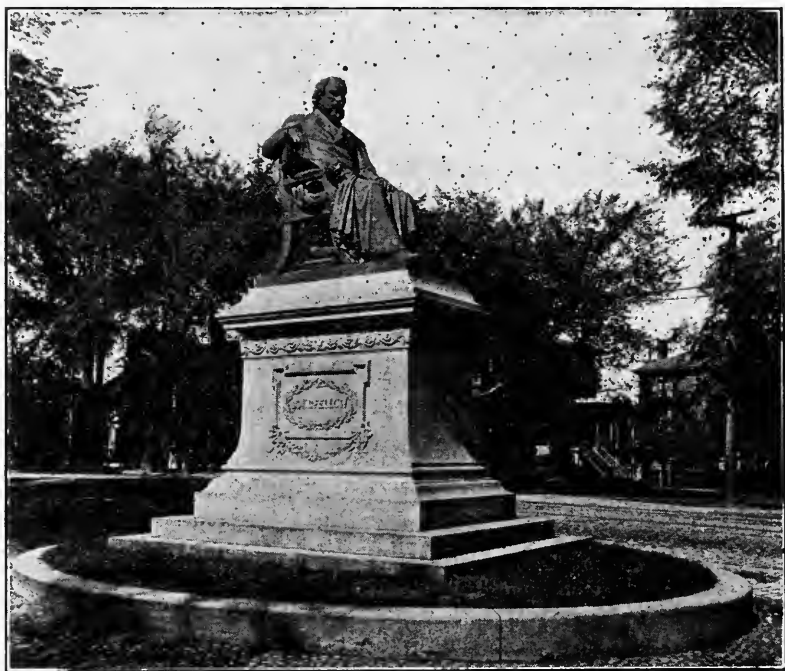
Special Study.

Bear in mind that the five elements of plot, character, description, central truth, or purpose, and language are comprised in a work of fiction.

Consider what part each canto plays in the development of the entire narrative and at what canto the narrative reaches the point of greatest suspense, or the climax.

Have made topical outlines of each canto, and finally select from these outlines the topics that are concerned with the action of the poem.

Constantly remind the class that *Evangeline* comprises a series of "little pictures." Ask them to imagine a picture gallery, the walls of which they are called upon to decorate



LONGFELLOW STATUE.

Erected in Monument Square, Portland, Maine, and unveiled September 29, 1888. The school children of the State were among the contributors. Franklin Simmons, a citizen of Portland and a long time friend of the poet, was the sculptor.

with word-pictures reproduced from those of Longfellow's word painting. Let them give to these pictures such titles as : *A Village Belle, An Acadian Indian Summer, An Acadian Fireside, A Jesuit Mission, Father and Daughter*. Make use of whatever talent for drawing may exist in the class ; and have produced, if possible, more or less elaborate spectacular representations of scenes.

Hang or pin on the walls a picture of Longfellow and one of the imaginary pictures of Evangeline. Secure pictures of the Evangeline country from 'Travelers' Guides or from magazine articles on Nova Scotia.

Require the selection of specific nouns, verbs and adjectives ; and show how they contribute to the definiteness, life or vividness, and action of the theme. Examples of these specific words appear in *Sycamore*, an individual of a class ; in *strutted*, a designation of specific action ; and in *briny* an adjective distinctly characterizing hay.

Have identified the numerous figures of speech, metaphor, similes, personification, allusion, etc., all of which render ideas picturesque and therefore striking. It is interesting to discover the sources from which the metaphors are derived ; to discover, for instance, whether they are drawn from nature, from human experience, or from literature. Cases of the frequent use of contrast, including antithesis, and of parallel structure should be noted.

Have read or recited at the beginning of every lesson a significant poem or passage from Longfellow.

Don't neglect oral or written composition. Strive for definiteness of impression from which will follow definiteness of expression. Finally, require that pupils recite at length and not in a word or a sentence,

EVANGELINE.

EVANGELINE.

THIS is the forest primeval.* The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids† of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers‡ hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
hunter?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, § home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,

*A primeval forest is one from which trees have never been cut.

†The priests of the earliest inhabitants of Britain and France. They worshiped in oak groves, and the oak and the mistletoe which grew upon it were sacred to them.

‡Old minstrels common in Europe in the middle ages.

§Acadia or Nova Scotia. Consult a map for the geographical setting of the poem.

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré*
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
 Dikes,† that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
 Blomidon‡ rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy§ built in the reign of the Henries. ||
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles,**
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of
 the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

*The name means "large meadow."

†Many of the Acadians had come from marsh lands upon the coast of France, where the sea had to be kept back by dikes, and finding similar marshes in Acadia, they had protected them in the same way.

‡A rocky headland at the entrance to the Bay of Minas and north of Grand-Pré. It is about four hundred feet high.

§A province in northern France from which many of the Acadians came.

||Kings of France in whose reigns Acadia was settled.

**Close-fitting outer garments, probably here referring to both jacket and skirt

Softly the Angelus* sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the
oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop†
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her
missal,‡

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,

*A bell rung at morning, night and noon to call the people to prayer, in commemoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. The full name (*Angelus Domini*) means "angel of the Lord."

†The brush with which the priest sprinkles holy water on the congregation.

‡The Roman Catholic mass-book.

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,*
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and
the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and
the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.†

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

*A shed-like projection from a wall to protect something beneath.

†For the story referred to see Matthew xxvi: 69-75.

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the
plain-song.*

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and
crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky† was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!

*A Roman Catholic chant.

†Because it was believed to possess wonderful powers for the curing of disease.

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"* was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion† enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in, and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.‡
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!§
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

*Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February. "If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day, there will be plenty of apples and cider enough."—*Old Proverb*.

†One of the twelve signs of the zodiac marked by the constellation Scorpio, which is so named from a fancied resemblance to a scorpion. The sun enters this constellation about October 23.

‡See Genesis xxxii : 24.

§All-Saints day is November 1. The Summer of All-Saints corresponds to our Indian summer.

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
jewels.*

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home-
stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her
collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-
dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves
howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fet-
locks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence

*Xerxes (Zurks-ēz), the Persian conqueror, on his expedition against Greece is said to have found a beautiful plane-tree, which he adorned as a woman and placed under a guard.

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-
wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian* vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on
the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling

*Burgundy was a province of eastern France not far from Normandy.

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau’s* mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s† mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer:—“Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and
children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.‡

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe of the
mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s cannon.

*A little river flowing past Grand-Pré into the Bay of Minas.

†George II of England. The treaty of Utrecht had placed Acadia under English rule.

‡Louisburg, Beau Séjour and Port Royal were all forts which had been built by the French, but which were now held by the English.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
 Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.*
 Built are the house and the barn.† The merry lads of the village
 Strongly have built them and well; and breaking the glebe round
 about them,
 Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn.‡
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children? ”
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover’s,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
 And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;§
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn
 bows
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
 Children’s children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou|| in the forest,
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
 And of the white Létiche,** the ghost of a child who unchristened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;

*The marriage contract between Evangeline and Gabriel.

†The house and barn that the Acadians had built for Evangeline and Gabriel.

‡An ink-flask made from the end of a horn.

§A public officer authorized to attest legal papers of various kinds.

||Pronounced loo-ga-roo. The were-wolf, a man who had the power of changing himself at will into a wolf. **Pronounced la-têsh.

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,*
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leafed clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard the talk in the
village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their
errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?”
“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-
smith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the
wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!”
But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
“Once in an ancient city whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

*There is among the peasants of France and England to-day a legend that at midnight on Christmas eve the cattle kneel in their stalls in adoration of the Christ child, just as tradition says that they knelt in the stable at Bethlehem on the night of Christ’s birth.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the
mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."'
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the black-
smith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board* out of its corner.

*Checker-board.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the
king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mists of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,* and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-
stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness.
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-
press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart
of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!

*A bell rung as a signal for the inhabitants of the village to extinguish their lights and fires and go to bed.

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star followed her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!*

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-sward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple-people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

*Genesis xxi: 9-20.

Under the open sky in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-coats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the
churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the
headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among
them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his
kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure! "
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the
others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he
shouted,—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them
allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
harvests! ”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's* alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive
 them! '†

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them! ' "§
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
 While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria‡
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion
 translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.§

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all
 sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-
 flowers;

*An alarm bell. †Luke xxiii: 34.

‡(Hail, Mary.) The opening words of the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin. §II Kings ii: 11.

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from
the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.*
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the
living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper un-
tasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till
morning.

v.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day

*Exodus xxxiv: 33.

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the
sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-
yard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-
doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy proces-
sion

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by
the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and
his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw
their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-
yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid. Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded, Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled, Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered, Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children. Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering, Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's* desolate sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father, And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man, Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion, E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken. Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him, Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

"*Benedicite!*" † murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold, Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden, Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon Titan-like‡ stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow, Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

*The ancient name of Malta. See Acts xxviii for the story.

†(Bless you.) The first word of the Latin blessing used by the priest.

‡The Titans were giant gods of Greek mythology.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands
of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, up-
lifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on
shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the
whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o’er the
meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the
maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father’s side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
 Reddened the sky overhead and gleamed on the faces around her,
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
 “Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-yard.”
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
 Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
 ’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,* into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 northeast
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-
 land.
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of
 Waters†

*Treasures and keepsakes. †The Mississippi River.

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-yards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before
her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and
tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known
him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

*Literally, "runners of the forests." Canadians who guided the traders through the forests and conducted their canoes along the lakes and rivers.

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."*

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,

But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

*To become an attendant of St. Catherine, who was celebrated for her vows of virginity; hence, to devote one's self to a single life.

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

IT was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,*
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast,† and the prairies of fair Opelousas.‡
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast,§ and groves of orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of
 Plaquemine,||

*"Ohio" is an Indian name meaning "beautiful river."

†A district along the banks of the Mississippi near its mouth, so named because many of the Acadians settled there.

‡A fertile portion of Louisiana along the banks of the Mississippi.

§So called because the water of the river was yellow with mud.

||A bayou about one hundred miles above the mouth of the Mississippi, connecting the Mississippi with the Atchafalaya bayou.

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the
desert,

Far off—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before
them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.*
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita† willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,‡
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

*A large bayou formed by an outlet of the Red River and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. †The name of a river in Louisiana.

‡See Genesis xxviii : 12.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
 sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without
 meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
 On the banks of the Têche,* are the town of St. Maur and St. Martin.
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

*A bayou in Louisiana.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to
listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad: then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.*
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green
Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose
branches

Garlands of Spanish moss† and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,

*Worshippers of Bacchus, the god of wine. †A moss which grows from
the branches of trees in the South in long, drooping festoons.

Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the
garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed, Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya, How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed. Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder, All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented. Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,— "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed. Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence, Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever, Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles, He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards. Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains, Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver. Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; He is not far on his way, and the Fates* and the streams are against him. Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river, Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler. Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,† Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals. Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle. "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!" As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway

*Three goddesses of Grecian mythology supposed to preside over human destinies. They spun the thread of life, Lachesis turning the wheel, Clotho holding the distaff and Atropos holding the shears ready to cut the thread.

†A mountain believed by the Greeks to be the home of the gods.

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
 Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
 Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take
 them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering
 lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches* tobacco,
 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they
 listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless
 and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the
 old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
 Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through
 the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
 More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
 Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

*A parish in northwestern Louisiana.

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell!”
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles* and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as
strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

*A Creole is a native of Louisiana of French and Spanish ancestry.

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confes-
sions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.*
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-
dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numoers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."†

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

*An order of monks having very strict rules, among them one enforcing silence.

†See Daniel v.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden.
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.*
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,†
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was
coming."‡
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil de-
scended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and glad-
ness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous land-
lord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gate-
way,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.§

*Luke vii: 37, 38. †Luke xv: 11-32. ‡Matthew xxv: 1-13.

§The Oregon is the former name of the Columbia. The Walleway flows
into the Columbia, the Owyhee into the Snake River.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,*
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout† and the Spanish sierras,‡
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies;
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,§
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place they found only embers and ashes.

*In Wyoming.

†A tributary of the Arkansas.

‡The Sierra Nevada. The Spanish word "sierra" means "a saw" and hence was applied to saw-like ridges of mountains.

§The Indians. Ishmael is supposed to be the father of the Arabs, a wandering race. The expression is here applied to the Indians because they, too, were tribes of wanderers.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana*
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

*A mirage common in some parts of the West.

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope of these
mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear
him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Kne~~l~~^t the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of a tree and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Kne~~l~~^t on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the
sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant ex-
pression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-
ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kind-
ness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in
autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were
springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above
her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer
will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
nepenthe.”*

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel
came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-
bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

*A drug used by the ancients to relieve pain.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,*
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,†
As if they fain would appease the Dryads‡ whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all of his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;

*William Penn, the founder of the Quaker Colony in Pennsylvania.

†Many of the streets of Philadelphia bear the names of trees.

‡Wood nymphs or goddesses of Grecian mythology.

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
 footsteps,

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;* frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman re-
 peated
Loud through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs

*An order of nuns in the Catholic church who devote their lives to acts of charity and helpfulness.

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruit for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,*
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an
acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
lands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with
you."†

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east
wind,

*A terrible epidemic of yellow fever ravaged Philadelphia in 1793.

†Mark xiv: 7.

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at
Wicaco.*

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from
her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

*A district formerly a village on the Delaware, but now included in the limits of Philadelphia.

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.*
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I thank thee!”

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,

*See Exodus xii.

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

PRONUNCIATION.

The greatest care should be taken by the teacher or the pupil unfamiliar with the French language to acquaint himself with the pronunciation of the French words so abundant in the text of *Evangeline*. The *International* and *Standard Dictionaries* are adequate sources of information and should be unfailingly consulted in cases of doubt. Before every reading of the poem, a list of unusual words with syllabic sound equivalents should be placed upon the board preparatory to a careful drill. The scansion of a line will reveal the syllable to be accented within any word.

The following English equivalents of French sounds may prove helpful:

é = a long. Example, Pré.

e final, unsounded. Ex., Lajeunesse.

i = e long. Ex., Létiche.

an, en = o short, nasalized. Ex., grande.

on = o long, nasalized. Ex., Fontaine.

au, eau = o long. Ex., Gaspereau.

eu = i in fir. Ex., coureur.

oi = wa. Ex., bois.

ou = oo in boot. Ex., sejour.

qui = ke.

Most final consonants are unsounded.

c and g before e, i, y are soft in sound; before a, o, u hard.

STUDY OF THE POEM.

Prologue.

The prologue of *Evangeline* acquaints the reader with the mournful nature of the poem. Select the words suggestive of sorrow.

p. 1 "This is the forest primeval wail of the forest." These lines describe the site of Grand-Pré almost one hundred years after the Acadian disaster.

p. 1 "This is the forest primeval far o'er the ocean." Study the contrast presented in these lines.

p. 1 "Ye who believe in affection the beauty and strength of woman's devotion." Here may be found the theme of the poem. What is the subject of the poem?

p. 1 "Stand like Druids of eld prophetic," Discuss the appropriateness of the figure.

p. 1 "Stand like harpers their bosoms." Read the introduction to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Part the First.

I.

Grand Pré.

This canto describes with picturesque effect Grand-Pré, *Evangeline*, and her father; and recounts the life-long relations between the hero and the heroine. It incidentally acquaints the reader with the daily lives of the people of the village.

p. 2 "Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant." There now remain numerous evidences of the untiring industry of the people. They cleared much of the land. They built dikes and reclaimed the marshes from the domain of the sea. All through the Cornwallis, Annapolis and Gaspereau valleys may be seen the dikes that were built by the Acadians. They began the planting of fruit-trees, so that when the English came a few years later they had evidence before them of the excellence of Nova

Scotia fruit, the raising of which has become the leading industry among the farmers of these fertile valleys.

p. 2 Read the description of the village parson contained in Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*.

p. 3 Who has painted a famous picture entitled *The Angelus*?

p. 5 Read Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*. This poem has always been a favorite with children; and when in 1876, the chestnut tree, under which the smithy stood was cut down, the children of Cambridge had made from its wood a chair for presentation to the poet on his seventy-second birthday. An acknowledgment of the gift appeared in a poem written the next year by Longfellow and entitled *From My Arm-Chair*.

p. 6 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie," etc. Scan line for pronunciation of Eulalie.

pp. 1-2 "In the Acadian land, . . . ne'er from their station descended." Memorize.

pp. 2-3 "Anon from the belfry . . . of God and of man." Memorize.

pp. 3-4 "Somewhat apart from . . . of exquisite music." Memorize.

Theme Subjects.

A Village I Know. The Day's Work. Evening in Grand-Pré.

II.

Forebodings.

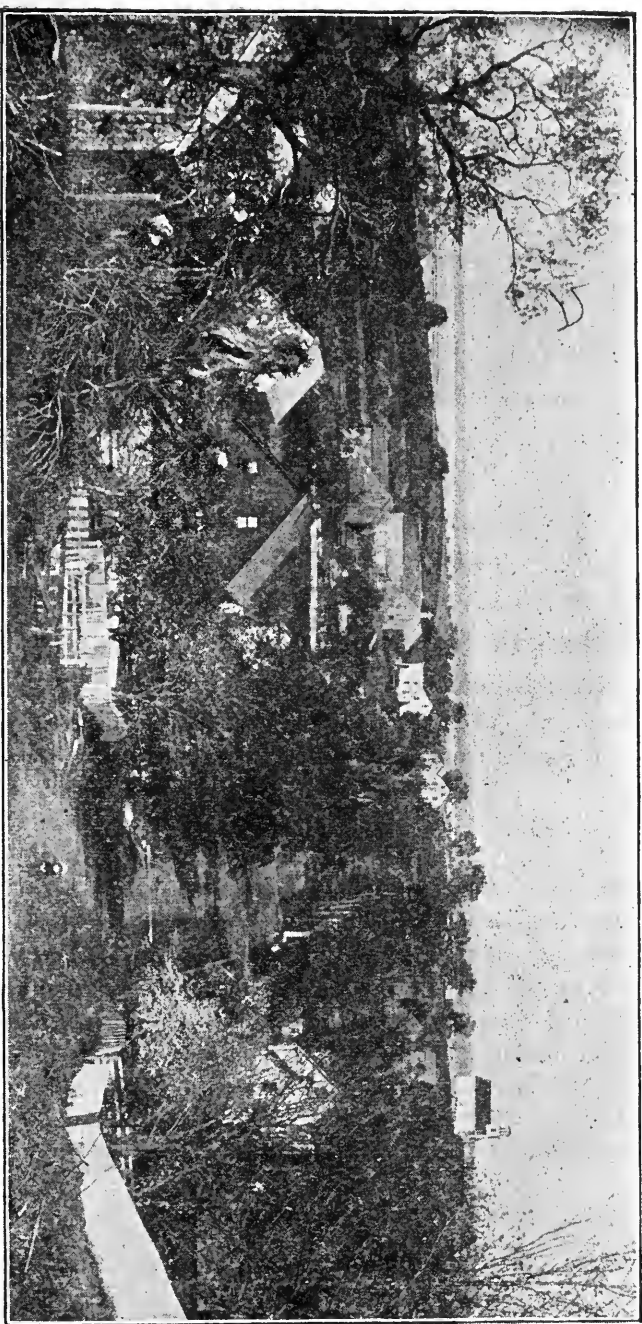
This canto illustrates the effectiveness of contrast in composition. Its first half is an idyl of autumn; its latter half, a foreshadowing of calamity.

p. 6 What celebration dear to the hearts of the young occurs on the eve of All Saints Day?

p. 8 Irving and Dickens have immortalized old time observance of Christmas in England, and incidentally the Christmas carol.

p. 8 "Clicked" Onomatopœia. Find other examples of the figure.

p. 10 "Strongly have built . . . for a twelve-month." A



Grand Pré at the Present Time.

reference to the custom of building for a young man when he came of age a house, breaking up the land, and supplying provisions for a twelve-month.

pp. 6-7 "Filled was the air mantels and jewels." Memorize.

Are you familiar with such an autumn and with such a twilight scene as Longfellow has described?

Theme Subjects.

An Acadian Autumn. Evening at the Farm. An Optimist and a Pessimist.

III.

The Contract.

This canto is an idyl of love. Gloomy forebodings continue to overshadow human happiness. René Leblanc's mingled strength and simplicity and his lofty faith make him an attractive character.

p. 10 Létiche. The ghost took the form of a small white animal.

p. 11 "Knocked from his pipe," etc. Observe the naturalness of the act.

p. 11 Is the story applicable?

p. 13 "Silently, one of the angels." Compare with a passage from another of Longfellow's poems.

p. 13 Read Longfellow's poem, *The Curfew*. What line of Gray's *Elegy* contains the word, curfew? What line from Milton?

p. 13 "Ah! she was fair," etc. Find other lines resembling this.

p. 14 "Forth from the folds," etc. This suggests passages from Milton and Coleridge.

p. 14 "As out of Abraham's tent," etc. Of what is the line ominous?

p. 13 "Silently of the angels." Memorize.

Theme Subjects.

The Notary-Public. Acadian Superstition (find additional material in the poem) Two Lovers. A Triumph of Justice.

IV.

The Decree.

Conjecture becomes certainty and idyllic happiness gives place in a day to cruel despair relieved only by the people's response to the priest's exalted appeal. The climax of Part the First is reached in the communication to the entrapped Acadians of the order of deportation.

p. 14 "Pleasantly rose next morn." September 5. What had been the occurrences of the preceding night?

p. 14 "Came the peasants." For what purpose?

p. 15 The description of the betrothal feast is remarkable for its spirit of life and gladness.

p. 15 *Tous les Bourgeois* and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*. The Citizens of Chartres and the Chimes of Dunkirk were two popular French songs.

p. 15 "Thronged ere long was the church with men." Four hundred and eighteen men assembled.

pp. 15-16 "Then uprose their commander." Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, referred to by Jane Austin in *Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters: A story of the Old Colony*. Study carefully the details of the commission.

Colonel Winslow refers in his diary to his unpleasant duty as follows: "I know they deserve all and more than they feel, yet it hurts me to hear them weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I am in hopes our affairs will soon put on another face, and we get transports, and I rid of the worst piece of service that ever I was in."

p. 16 "As, when the air is serene," etc. A familiar figure in the classics. Discover various causes for the priest's influence over his people. Would resistance to England have been effective?

pp. 17-18 "Long at her father's door . . . the Angelus sounded." What suggestions of previous passages appear in these lines?

p. 17 "Charity, meekness," etc. Compare Gal. V:22.

p. 18 Contrast the situation described in the last fifteen lines with that of the conclusion of canto III.

The canto offers an opportunity for the study of contrasts, of Longfellow's use of historical material, of figures of speech and of vivid description. A valuable exercise is the selection of words expressive of sound, motion, feeling, etc.

Theme Subjects.

An Acadian Betrothal. The Heroism of Forgiveness. Forgiveness vs. Vengeance (Argument). Priest and Blacksmith (a character contrast). An imaginary account given by Gabriel to Evangeline of occurrences in the church.

V.

The Departure.

The misery increases. Separation, conflagration, death, and despair compose a pathetic and tragic ending to Part the First.

p. 18 "And now on the fifth day," etc. November 10.

p. 19 "Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse." This line suggests Milton's

"While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin."

p. 19 What bare statement of fact is comprised in the two lines beginning with "Cheerily called?"

p. 19 "Driving in ponderous wains," etc. Colonel Winslow in his speech to the Acadians said: "And I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods as many as you can without discommoding the vessel you go in."

"All day long the wains came laboring down from the village." Try to imagine the scenes of this day—the ceaseless movement, the release of the imprisoned farmers, the march to the shore, the heaven-directed songs ascending to mingle with those of the birds as with the voices of departed spirits.

The accounts of the preparations for departure and of the march to the sea are historically accurate.

p. 20 How are the Christian graces ascribed to Evangeline on p. 18, exemplified in action?

p. 20 "Gabriel! be of good cheer! . . . whatever mischance may happen." Keep this passage in mind as you read Part the Second.

p. 20 "Alas! how changed was his aspect!" Contrast the Benedict of these lines with the Benedict of cantos I and II.

p. 20 "Wives were torn from their husbands," etc.

The young men were ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they peremptorily refused to do, but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. The request was rejected and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners The young men forthwith commenced to march.—*Haliburton*.

pp. 20 "Then, as the night descended, . . . gleamed no light from the windows." Re-read p. 7.

p. 21 "Built of the drift-wood," etc. How may this line be made to apply to the condition of the Acadians?

p. 21 "Onward from fire to fire," etc. Again the priest appears, to pity, to bless, and to serve his people. Akin to none, this man is yet all things to all, and above everything a sharer in Evangeline's unspeakable grief.

pp. 21-22 The descriptions of these pages savor strongly of the classical epic.

p. 21 "Suddenly rose from the south a light," etc. In the district of Minas alone, according to Haliburton, over seven hundred buildings were destroyed in the conflagration.

Study the figures employed in describing the fire and comment upon the vividness and reality of the description.

Discover specific designations of sound and motion employed in describing the effect of the fire upon men and animals.

p. 22 "Motionless lay his form," etc. Why is Evangeline's father introduced into the story? Why is he removed by death?

p. 22 "And when she awoke from the trance," etc. The passage thus introduced contains a striking scene of which Evangeline and her dead father furnish the center; sympathetic friends, the setting; the glare of the burning village and the roar of the sea, spectacular and tragic elements.

p. 23 "Lo! with a mournful sound . . . its roar with the

dirges." How do these two lines connect Part the First with the introduction to the poem?

General Questions.

What relation exists between the introduction and Part the First? What is an appropriate title for the part? How much prominence has been given to the heroine? Is the part characterized by action or by description? What time is occupied?

Theme Subjects.

Evangeline—a character sketch. The Departure from Grand-Pré. The Eve of Departure. A Memorable Night. A Study in Contrasts. A Daughter's Devotion. Father Damien.

Part the Second.

This account of Evangeline's wanderings, thrilling and picturesque in effect, embodies the theme of the poem as stated in the prologue :

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition," etc.

I.

The Scattered Exiles.

This canto serves as an introduction to Part the Second. After establishing the continuity of Parts the First and Second, it touches upon the destinies of the exiled Acadians, gives a general account of the heroine's experiences, comments upon her unswerving loyalty to her lover, and proposes the subject to be treated.

p. 23 "Friendless, homeless, hopeless," etc. Find in the poem other examples of the parallel construction.

p. 23 "From the cold lakes of the North . . . to the lands where the Father of Waters." Substitute in these lines general for specific terms. The lines suggest a passage in *Burke's Speech on Conciliation*.

p. 24 "Sat by some nameless grave." A well-known picture of Evangeline was inspired by this line.

p. 25 "Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor, said with a smile," etc. Employ the words of the priest to explain Evangeline's counsel to Gabriel in Part the First, canto V.

p. 25 "She heard the funeral dirge of the ocean." Account for the frequent repetition of this idea.

p. 25 "A voice that whispered, 'Despair not!'" Connect with this line the story of *Pandora's Chest*.

p. 25 "Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence." This figure should be studied carefully to avoid misconception.

p. 25 "Let me essay, O Muse!" This invocation is classical in form.

Study for their application and effectiveness the figures of speech.

p. 24 "Something there was in her life . . . from whence it late had arisen." Memorize.

p. 25 "Talk not of wasted affection, . . . more worthy of heaven!" Memorize.

Theme Subjects.

The Value of a High Ideal. The Fogs Off the Banks. The Mississippi River (a geological account).

II.

The Weary Search.

This division of the poem is characterized by picturesque description, mysticism, and painful suspense. The Mississippi and its shores become realms of magic traversed by beings who partake more of the spirit than of the flesh.

p. 26 "Along the coast," etc. The Atlantic coast.

"Father Felician," the priest has evidently accompanied Evangeline in all her wanderings.

pp. 27-29 Mysticism, a quality closely connected with the superstition already attributed to this pious people, is here evident.

p. 27 "The owl," etc. Compare with the mention of the owl in Gray's *Elegy*.

p. 27 "Boat-songs," etc. With what boat-songs are you familiar? Try to imagine the effect of these songs amid such surroundings as are described in this canto.

p. 28 "Thus ere another noon," etc. What designations of time appear on p. 27?

Contrast the aspects of the landscape under the respective influences of the night, of the day, and of the twilight. What differing effects do these aspects produce upon the mind?

p. 29 "Gabriel was it." Gabriel is given little prominence in the poem. Note carefully this description.

p. 29 "All undisturbed by the dash of their oars," etc. A tragic climax.

p. 29 By a strange coincidence, an English woman who had read *Evangeline* twenty times, and King Leopold of Belgium, regarding as typical of life, the scene on Lake Atchafalaya where the two lovers pass each other had seals cut with the word Atchafalaya upon them.

pp. 29-30 "Softly the evening came Sounds of a horn they heard." A passage of remarkable beauty and unspeakable sadness. Does its beginning describe what you yourselves have been partly conscious of when on the water at sunset?

p. 30 "Then from a neighboring thicket shakes down the rattling rain." Memorize.

Select words and passages that appeal to the senses and the feelings. Point out the details of the numerous pictures. Try to enumerate the merits of the canto. Tennyson's *The Lotus Eaters* is an interesting supplementary poem.

Theme Subjects.

Modes of Travel in the Eighteenth Century. The Banks of the Mississippi. Bayou and Delta. Down the Mississippi. Presentiments. Bird Sounds.

III.

A Joyful Reunion.

This canto up to the concluding lines relieves suspense, and but for *Evangeline's* disappointment and loneliness is as idyllic as the opening cantos of the poem.

pp. 30-31 "Near to the bank of the river . . . with tangled cordage of grape-vines." Compare pp. 2-4.

p. 30 "Mystic mistletoe flaunted : . . . at Yule-tide." What custom is referred to? What other mention of the Druids appears in the poem?

p. 31 "The flowery surf," etc. Show the reference to the preceding lines.

p. 31 "Spanish saddle and stirrups." Why Spanish?

p. 32 "Adayes." A town in northern Texas. What vocations of the transplanted Acadians are suggested on this page?

p. 32 "Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael, the fiddler." Find a previous reference to Michael. Who were these comrades? Cite lines to prove your statement.

pp. 33-34 Compare the Basil of these pages with the Basil of Part the First.

p. 33 "Ci-devant." The French word for *former*.

p. 34 "Only beware of the fever, . . . Acadian climate," etc. These are significant lines.

p. 34 "They gave themselves . . . the rush of fluttering garments." Study the diction of these lines. What is the syntax of the modifying words of the last line?

p. 35 "Beautiful was the night." The wandering soul of the maiden finds a harmonious setting in the sensuous surroundings of the night. Such a description as this discloses the poet's power to give meaning to nature.

p. 35 "Upharsin." Read the biblical incident from Daniel and explain the significance of the word here. Dan. V.

p. 35 "The notes of a whippoorwill sounded," etc. Of what are this bird's notes suggestive?

p. 36 "'Patience!' whispered the oakes," etc. What other passages have shown Evangeline's susceptibility to the influences of nature?

p. 36 "The Foolish Virgin." How does the figure apply to Evangeline?

Carefully locate places. Observe that the canto offers abundant pictures for reproduction.

Theme Subjects.

An Acadian Farm and a Louisiana Plantation. The Enchantment of Association. Yule-tide and the Mistletoe. The Spaniards in the South. Moonlight on the plantation.

IV.

Gabriel's Wanderings.

The canto after taking the reader far afield in the Great Central Plain, proceeds to follow Evangeline's fruitless wanderings from Louisiana into Missouri, thence into Michigan, and at last indefinitely eastward. The events of the canto occupy many years and leave the heroine old and grief-worn.

pp. 36-37 The first stanza describes the geographical section of which Missouri is a part. Compare Longfellow's description of this region with that to be found in a geography. What gives the impression of wildness? What characteristics of animals are mentioned or implied?

p. 37 "Ishmael's children." Read Genesis 21:9-21; 25:12-16.

p. 38 "Fata Morgana." Read Longfellow's poem entitled *Fata Morgana*.

p. 38 "She was a Shawnee woman." What bonds of sympathy existed between her and Evangeline?

p. 38 "As if a mysterious horror," etc. What Indian trait accounts for the Shawnee's feeling?

p. 39 Why are the stories introduced? What was their effect upon Evangeline?

p. 39 "Slowly over the tops . . . in scarcely audible whispers." Over what other localities in this poem has Longfellow thrown the spell of the moonlight?

p. 39 "Filled with the thoughts . . . was pursuing a phantom." An added instance of Evangeline's extreme susceptibility.

p. 40 "Aloft, through the intricate arches," etc. Read Bryant's *The Forest Hymn*.

p. 40 "The benediction had fallen . . . from the hands of

the sower." Compare the figure with a similar one used earlier in the poem.

p. 40 "Not six suns have risen and set," etc. Observe the climax. Evangeline missed Gabriel first by a few hours, next by a day and finally by a week. How have these successive disappointments affected her in their turn?

p. 40 "Fall into some lone nest," etc. Evangeline's hopes have fled.

p. 41 "Homeward Basil returned." The poet has now disposed of all the subordinate characters of the narrative. Benedict has died, Father Felician has remained in Louisiana, and Basil has set out for home. In what ways is the time of waiting emphasized?

p. 41 "Then in the golden weather," etc. This passage is explained in the following lines from *Hia-watha*:

"And when'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
'Nushka!' cried they all together.
'Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!'
'Ugh!' the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And when'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the cornfields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together."

p. 41 "'Patience!' The priest would say;" Compare Father Felician's counsel in former days.

p. 41 "This vigorous plant." The compass flower, the edges of whose lower leaves are said to point north and south.

p. 41 "The blossoms of passion." What are they?

p. 42 "Evangeline went from the mission." How long had she been there?

p. 42 "The meek Moravian missions." Read Longfellow's *Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem*.

p. 42 "The battlefields of the army." What battlefields?

Evangeline's course should be carefully followed on a map. The canto suggests much collateral reading, such as: *Hiaiwatha*, *Indian Legends*, *The German Tale of Undine*, Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, *Jesuits in North America*, Loudon's *Call of the Wild*, Cooper's novels, Roosevelt's hunting stories, nature stories by Thompson Seton, W. J. Long, Charles G. D. Roberts.

Theme Subjects.

A Camp in the Wilderness. Jesuit Missions. A Western Cornfield. The Moravians in America. The Quest of the Grail.

V.

The Quest Won.

The conclusion of the poem finds Evangeline in the city which many years before had received her an exile. At this point her wanderings cease; not with the immediate attainment of her quest but with the discovery of the meaning of life. When the meeting with Gabriel came, the union was as that of two souls, a union that could never be severed.

p. 42 Write a description of Philadelphia, basing the description upon the first six lines of the canto.

p. 42 "Guarding." Modifies what?

p. 42 "The streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest," These are Spruce, Walnut, Pine, Chestnut, etc.

p. 42 "There old René Leblanc had died." The notary is an historic character. The circumstance mentioned in Part the First, canto III, of his languishing a captive in a French fort and the later circumstance of his dying in Philadelphia, appear in a petition addressed by the Acadians of Philadelphia to George II.

p. 42 "Only one of his hundred descendants." Find a previous reference to the notary's numerous progeny.

p. 43 "This page comprises the Christian conception of the office of suffering, of man's proper attitude toward death and of holy living.

p. 43 "For it recalled the past," etc. What characteristics in common had the Acadians and the Quakers?

p. 43 "So fell the mists from her mind," Compare the "Dawn of another life" at the end of canto IV. Had Evangeline's life been unselfish up to this time?

p. 43 "Sister of Mercy." Read Longfellow's *Santa Filomena* and learn the first stanza of the poem.

p. 43 "The watchman." This official took the place of the modern policeman, calling the hour and "All's well."

Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Milton's Il Penseroso.

p. 44 "Now the city surrounds it." Longfellow refers to the old Friends' Almhouse, no longer standing, which he saw on a visit to Philadelphia in 1826.

p. 44 "Gleams of celestial light," etc. The celestial brightness that shone in Evangeline's youthful countenance had been supplanted by gloom and shadow but is now restored through the transforming power of a life of service.

p. 44 "Thus, on a Sabbath morn." The calm of a Sunday morning is the setting for the most dramatic incident of the poem.

p. 45 "Christ Church." The Episcopal church in which Benjamin Franklin lies buried.

p. 45 "For her presence fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun."

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.

I should like to meet her [Evangeline] with my soul in heaven when I die on earth.

Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb and blind mute.

p. 45 "Suddenly, as if arrested by fear." Observe how gradually Longfellow leads up to the climax—the Sister of Mercy, the almshouse, Evangeline's ministrations to the sick and dying, the discovery of Gabriel.

p. 46 "Father, I thank thee!" What causes for gratitude had Evangeline?

Suggestions for Study.

The unity of a composition, which requires that a writer see the end from the beginning, this poem will be seen to exemplify if its

first and last cantos be compared. The first line of the latter fore-stalls a connection between the two. The portrayal of Evangeline, the spirituelle maiden in the former is offset by the portrayal of Evangeline, the spiritual woman, in the latter. The decided preference of the maiden for the boy Gabriel foreshadows a devotion that not even death can shake. The "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" promising love and joy to the house of her husband brings eventually love and joy into the lives of the world's unfortunates.

The climax of this canto is the climax of Part the Second.

Epilogue.

Compare the epilogue with the prologue for points of relation.

p. 46 "Side by side, the lovers are sleeping." The union denied them in life is granted them in death.

p. 46-47 "Thousands of throbbing hearts, . . . where theirs have completed their journey!" These lines comprise a series of effective antitheses and a good example of the parallel construction.

p. 47 "Linger a few Acadian peasants." "Here and there about the Basin of Minas and up and down the valleys there are many giant willows that were planted by the French. They add a peculiar charm to the beauty of the landscape, and many a Nova Scotia home is adorned with these beautiful shade-trees. As a visitor stands looking over the Cornwallis valley, he wonders what those old willows might tell of the past—who planted and cared for them, what scenes of happy childhood they had witnessed, what secrets of love had been whispered beneath their boughs, and how they must have been shocked by the bloodshed about them, and the cruelties inflicted upon those whose labors had made the trees silent witnesses of all the affairs of human life in Acadia. Some of the French, fearing for their lives, fled to the forest, choosing danger and privation there rather than captivity under the English oppressor.

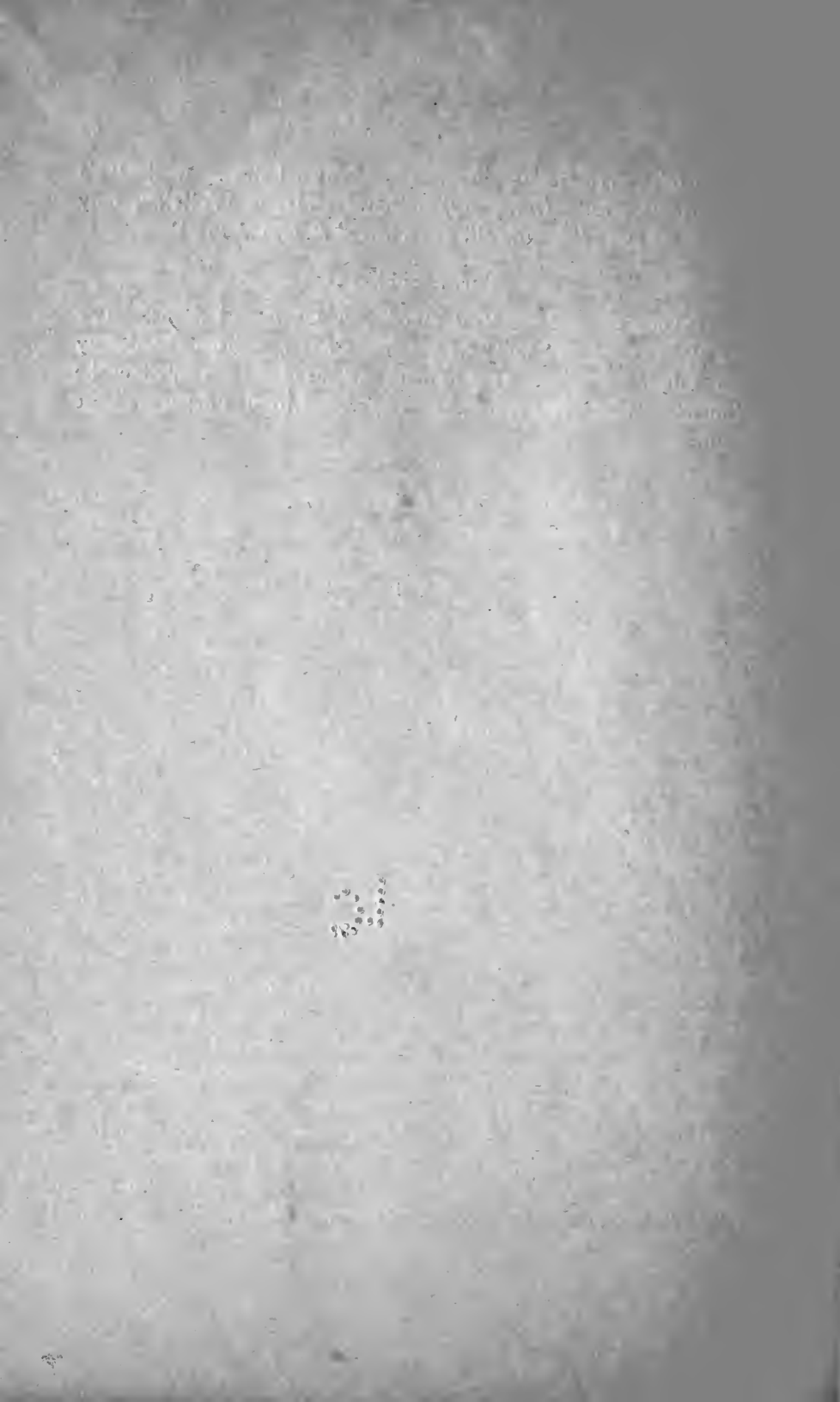
"Some of their descendants are found in Nova Scotia to-day. Being persecuted by the English, they fled from place to place, until at last they found a peaceful abode on the deserted shore of St. Mary's Bay, having traveled, it is said, a thousand miles. These are the Acadians of Digby County.

"Only one of the Acadian descendants now lives near Grand-Pré.

This is John Frederic Herbin, who by his own industry worked his way through Acadia University, and now resides in Wolfville, only a few miles away from the old French well at Grand-Pré."

Theme Subjects.

The Apparent and the Real Good. A Death-bed Scene. The City of Penn. Two Sunday Mornings. Church Bells. The Beauty of a Life of Service. The Voices of the Sea. Evangeline the Woman. Two Evangelines. Gabriel. Moral Purpose of the Poem.





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